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Elizabeth Evans
The gift of her dear
Mother
on her birth day
7th October 1826





POEMS

Translated from the French of

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE TASK.

To which are added

SOME ORIGINAL POEMS

OF MR. COWPER,

NOT INSERTED IN HIS WORKS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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To

THE REV. WILLIAM BULL,

these Translations of a few of the Spiritual Songs

OF THE EXCELLENT

MADAME GUION,

made at his express desire, are dedicated,

by his affectionate Friend and Servant,

WILLIAM COWPER,

July, 1782.



Preface.

IT seems needless, if not impertinent, in an obscure individual, to say any thing in praise of the Author of the Task. It is of more consequence to inform the reader of the circumstances that have led to this publication. About twenty years ago a very dear and venerable friend* introduced me to the truly great and amiable Mr. Cowper. This gave rise to a friendship which increased with every repeated interview, and for several years I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him every week. At length this delightful intercourse was terminated, by his removal to a distant situation, and the painful approaches of that event which dissolves every social connexion.

* *The Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London.*

edified with the piety and devoti
strongly expressive. I mentione
and partly to amuse a solitary ho
exercise the genius of this inco
quested him to put a few of the p
dress. Afterward, during my abs
I received a letter in which Mr. C
" little leisure, strange as it may
" devoted for a month after yo
" translation of Madame Guior
" copies of all the pieces I hav
" last occasion, and will put t

"them." On my return, Mr. C. presented me with these translations, to which he added the Letter to a Protestant Lady in France, and the Poem on Friendship.

The idea of printing them was afterwards suggested to Mr. C; and he gave his full consent, intending to revise them before I should send them to the press. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this; and the poems would probably have still remained unpublished, if it had not been found that several copies of them had already got abroad. The Editor therefore had reason to beleive, that they would otherwise have made their appearence in a state far less correct than if printed from the original Manuscript. Nor can he imagine that even in their present form, they will, on the whole, tend to diminish the well-deserved reputation of their excellent Author.

To infer that the peculiarities of Madam Guion's theological sentiments, were adopted either by Mr. C.

judged that several of her poems would
leasure and edification by serious and ca

taken the liberty to add the Stanzas su
e Bills of Mortality, which had been pu
ew years past at Northampton; and t
hich had appeared in a periodical publi
ey sufficiently mark the genius of th
rrespond with the other parts of this sm
d have not before been printed in a unifo
th his poems.

William Bu

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THE

NATIVITY.

Poeme Heroique—Vol. 4. § 4.

'TIS Folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of Nature dress'd by Art,
Enchant no longer this indiff'rent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of Earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mould'ring wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.
Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
Th' abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its pow'r invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound;
Whose verdure lives while winter scowls around:

... to, sure
w nose silver waters, and whose n
Their artless charms, to make the
The fruitful vineyard, and the furr
That seems a rolling sea of golden
All, all have lost the charms they o
An infant God reigns sov'reign in m
From Bethl'em's bosom I no more w
There dwells the Saviour, and there i

Ye mightier rivers, that with sou
Urge down the valleys your impetuou
Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and ye wa
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seam
Horrid abyss, where all experience fail
Spread with the wreck of planks and s
On whose broad back grim Death triur
While havock floats on all thy swell
Thee, sh...



Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all th' aquatic world with terror eyes!
Had I but Faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:
The world, a more disturb'd and boist'rous sea,
When Jesus shews a smile, affrights not me;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light!
Thou Moon, whose car, encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wond'ring eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter Sun,
Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
Behold *him* where he shines! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasur'd, measure all our days;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quick'ning heat,
And all he cheers, are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas! but miss the rose:
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires;

Nor, Him beside, throughout the world h
Lives there, in whom I trust for cure or :

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd C
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun
Compar'd with thine, how dim his beaut
How quench'd the radiance of his golden
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I r
In thee alone dwells all that I can love ;
All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t
A sudden spring renews the fading year
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and gr
The watchful guardians of our heedless r
Thy various creatures in one strain agree
All, in all times and places, speak of the
Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stamme
Attempt thy praise, and join the gen'ral

Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active pow'rs;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart!

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires;
He at whose voice heav'n trembles, even He,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me——
Lo! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
"Heav'n Earth, and Sea, exist!"—and they obey'd.
Ev'n he whose Being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose!
This rustic sight assuages all my woes——
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore;
And Earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.

... my soul's delight
I see the Almighty swath'd in in
Tied helpless down, the Thunder
And in this shed, that mystery di
Which Faith and Love, and they
Ye tempests spare the slumbe
Ye zephers, all your whisper'd sw
Confess the God that guides the ro
Heav'n, do him homage; and thou
Ye Shepherds, Monarchs, Sages, hi
Your hearts an offering, and adore
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Fa
Join in his praise, th' harmonious w
To Bethl'hem haste, rejoice in his re
And praise ...

Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that Infant God from whom it came;
Resist not, quench not that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love!
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove;
And ev'ry heart, beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone:
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit, all are thine.
Ah vain attempt, t' expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe the still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of thy glory shall be built;
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,
And my deformity, its fairest grace;
For destitute of Good and rich in Ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

he more I feel my mis'ry, I adore
ıe sacred Inmate of my soul the more ;
'ch in his Love, I feel my noblest pride
'ring from the sense of having nought besi
In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue,
y wand'rings prove thy wisdom infinite ;
l that I have, I give thee ; and then see
l contrarieties unite in thee ;
· thou hast join'd them, taking up our wo
d pouring out thy bliss on worms below,
filling with thy grace and love divine
gulph of evil in this heart of mine.
s is indeed to bid the valleys rise,
l the hills sink—'tis matching Earth and
el my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
aching heart that throbs to thank thee mo

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 11.

Ye Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against his empire now;
I traverse Earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
Their base desires well satisfied obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you;
Come, let us join the Choir before his throne,
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true!

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring Love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine?
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! Can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
Its object heav'nly, it must ever [illegible]

lf-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed—
her embrace, death, only death is found:
me then, one noble effort, and succeed,
st off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound!

! I would cry that all the world might hear,
self-tormentors, love your God alone;
t His unequall'd Excellence be dear,
ar to your inmost souls, and make him all your own!

ey hear me not—alas! how fond to rove
endless chase of Folly's specious lure!
is here alone, beneath this shady grove,
aste the sweets of Truth—here only am secure.

Vol. 2. Cantique 54.

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from h
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love
How seldom on Earth do we see her alight
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose
Suspended and pois'd in the regions of air
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

light should be Love, and our nourishment pray'r;
dangerous food that we find upon Earth;
fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
tself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

rarely, if ever, she settles below,
d only when building a nest for her young;
re it not for her brood, she would never bestow
hought upon any thing filthy as dung.

t us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)
bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love;
t us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
at leads to the day-spring appearing above.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 236.

Ah! reign, wherever Man is found,
My Spouse, beloved and divine!
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When ev'ry human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not thine own:
Ah! be ador'd from pole to pole;
Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!

A

FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION

of the

PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

bringing a Soul to the point of Self-renunciation and absolute acquiescence.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 110.

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
To embark, and sail away;
As I climb'd the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide;
" Come," he said—" ascend—make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his sep'rate care;

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 236.

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"Come," he said—"ascend—make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his sep'rate care;

Leaves me in my lost estate—
Have I sinn'd? Oh say where!
Tell me, and forgive my sin!
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more?

Be not angry; I resign,
Henceforth, all my Will to thine
I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence breaks my
Go then, and for ever too;
All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intende
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,

A

CHILD OF GOD

LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.

Vol. 2. Cantique 144.

THERE's not an Eccho round me,
But I am glad should learn
How pure a fire has found me,
The Love with which I burn.
For none attends with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my flame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate his name.

look for gladn
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
I heard a happy sound;
Big with the consolation
That I have often found;
I said, "my lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy;"
The rocks replied—"to-morro
To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and secret tidings,
What bliss it is to hear!
For, spite of all my chidings,
My weakness and my f



I fly to scenes romantic,
Where never men resort;
For in an age so frantic,
Impiety is sport.
For riot and confusion,
They barter things above;
Condemning, as delusion,
The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequester'd corner
None hears what I express;
Deliver'd from the scorner,
What peace do I possess!
Beneath the boughs reclining,
Or roving o'er the Wild,
I live, as undesigning,
And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprize me,
I innocently play,
While providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day;

... as a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

Vol. 2. Cantique 95.

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires.
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet;
Because 'tis assign'd me by Thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.

My spirit and faculties fail;
  Oh finish what love has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
  And dwell in the soul thou hast won
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
  I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze;
  'Tis all that is left to me now,

Oh glory, in which I am lost,
  Too deep for the plummet of thought
On an ocean of deity toss'd,

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 96.

ALL are indebted much to thee,
But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of Gratitude I feel,
No language can declare;
Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee Love for Love?

Charity divine, draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we

All selfish souls, whate'er they
Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of Liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with Th
He, and he alone is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
When *thy* pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love:

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 89.

My heart is easy, and my burthen light;
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound;
And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sov'reign Good!
Thou art not lov'd, because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

LIVING WATER.

Vol. 4. Cantique 81.

THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE
REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

Vol 2. Cantique 22.

O Love, of pure and heav'nly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will;
And more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench, with reas'nings vain,
While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your pow'r the same
As His on high, from whence you came,
Ye rarely find a list'ning ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?
—Because ye bring reproach and pain
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

They fly the place ...
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay;
Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One soul, at least, shall not repine,
To give *you* room; come, reign in mine!

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

Vol. 2. Cantique 119.

Thou hast no lightnings, O thou Just!
Or I their force should know;
And if thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease,
Than it adores thy ways;
In thine avenging anger, sees
A subject of it's praise.

Pleas'd, I could lie conceal'd and lost
In shades of central night;
Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,
But lest I grieve thy sight.

Am I not worthy, to sustain
The worst thou canst devise;
And dare I seek thy throne agai
And meet thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, thou art kinc
And in my saddest hours,
An unction of thy grace I find,
Pervading all my pow'rs.

Alas! thou spar'st me yet again
And when thy wrath should m
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou soothe[illegible]

THE

SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 108.

Oh thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in ev'ry clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet
My Law, my Love; life's only swe

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierc'd by scorn, opprest by
I feel thee good—feel nought beside

No frowns of men can hurtful prow

Ah then! to his embrace repair;
My soul thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.



THE
TESTIMONY
OF
DIVINE ADOPTION.



Vol. 2. *Cantique* 78.



How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace;
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And Conscience feels it there.

His still discernable and clear,
An undisputed claim.

But ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In lab'rinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to gri
The gracious spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace;
And strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove,
Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh messenger of dear delight

With thee at hand to sooth our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task, but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides;
The centre where all bliss resides,
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes;
There, sov'reign goodness sooths the breast,
Till then, incapable of rest,
In sacred sure repose.

LOVE is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform,
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more;
For one, in whom I may discern,
Ev'n when he frowns, a sweetness I a

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumb'ring mind;
And he has never tasted Love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with thy smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just, that GOD should not be dear,
Where self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is lov'd, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The Love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despis'd a guest.

SOURCE of love, and light of day,
Tear me from myself away;
Ev'ry view and thought of mine,
Cast into the mould of thine;
Teach, Oh teach this faithless heart
A consistent, constant part;
Or, if it must live to grow
More rebellious, break it now!

Is it thus, that I requite

Can I grieve thee, whom I love;
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

Oh! th' oppressive, irksome weight,
Felt in an uncertain state;
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue!
Still I chuse thee, follow still
Ev'ry notice of thy will;
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought,
I could serve thee as I ought,
Win thee, and deserve to feel
All the Love thou canst reveal!
Trusting self, a bruised reed,
Is to be deceiv'd indeed:
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold turn all to dross!

Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price;
And preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.



The

ACQUIESCENCE

of

PURE LOVE.



Vol. 2. *Cantique* 135.



I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
The time is long, that I have languish'd here;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real Ill in pain;
In ease, or health, no real Good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone;
To chuse thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage ro a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross, is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more;
Suffer unmov'd beneath the rudest hand,
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd, as when safe on shore.

BLEST ! who far from all mank
This world's shadows left behin
Hears from heav'n a gentle strai
Whisp'ring Love, and loves aga

Blest ! who free from self-esteer
Dives into the Great Supreme,
All desire beside discards,
Joys inferior none regards.



Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire;
Favor my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

Vol. 2. *Cantique* 15.

Oh lov'd! but not enough—though dearer far
Than self and its most lov'd enjoyments are;
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know;
Our Faith and reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as b
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the only wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known !
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone,
When thou shalt stand before his awful fa
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know H

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without e
When wilt thou melt the mountains, and
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conqu'ri
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, t

reason, all my faculties, unite,
nake thy Glory their supreme delight;
bid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
at I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise!

y soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
or hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great;
o take th' impression of a will divine,
e that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please;
Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

Vol. 2. Cantique 21.

FROM thorny wilds, a monster came,
That fill'd my soul with fear and shame;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth;
When thus a sage address'd mine ear,
Himself unconscious of a fear.

"Whence all this terror and surprise
"Distracted looks, and streaming eyes?
"Far from the world and its affairs,
"The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
"Surrender, without guile or art,



" For loathsome as the sight may be,
" 'Tis but the *Love-of-self* you see.
" Fix all your love on God alone,
" Chuse but His will, and hate your own;
" No fear shall in your path be found,
" The dreary waste shall bloom around,
" And you, through all your happy days,
" Shall bless his name, and sing his praise."

Oh lovely solitude, how sweet,
The silence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view;
The simple, unadorn'd display,
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly slight,
O Truth, my treasure and delight,
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart, from which it came!

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in Love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what thou art pleas'd to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine, to number out our days;
Ours, to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only bus'ness here,



LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF THE BELOVED.

Vol. 4. *Cantique* 49.

In vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
Ye pleasant bow'rs, remote from strife and noise;
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
Breath'd forth in happier days, are irksome now;
Denied that smile 'twas once my heav'n to see,
Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
And though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
I have no cause—an object all divine
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

JEALOUS, and with Love o'erflowing
God demands a fervent heart;
Grace and bounty, still bestowing,
Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection,
His paternal Will regard!
If it cost us some dejection,
Ev'ry sigh has it's reward.

Perfect Love has pow'r to soften
Cares that might our peace destro
Nay, does more—transforms them c
Changing sorrow into joy.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

Vol. 4. Cantique 77.

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
And woes thy soul to her embrace;
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly Love, else sought in vain;
She dwells with all who Truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine;
And peace shall be forever thine:—
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, 'till I go home to God.

I place an off'ring at thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down;
Thy will in ev'ry state, I love,
And even in thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

Vol. 4. Cantique 42.

To lay the soul that loves him low,
Becomes the Only-wise;
To hide beneath a veil of woe
The children of the skies.

Man, tho' a worm, would yet be great;
Though feeble, would seem strong;
Assumes an independent state,
By sacriege and wrong.

He feels his soul a barren waste,
  Nor dares affirm, he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain
  To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
  And happy in it's sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
  Humility and shame!
Farewell the wish for human praise,
  The music of a name!

But will not scandal mar the good
  That I might else perform?
And can God work it, if he would,



He draws from human littleness
  His grandeur and renown;
And gen'rous hearts with joy confess
  The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts,
  Thy faith and hope employ
To welcome all that he allots,
  And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
  On his eternal right;
And he shall smile at thy approach,
  And make thee his delight.

SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT

Vol. 3. *Cantique* 48.

Sun! stay thy course, this moment
Suspend th' o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a Love as mine,
Ah! hide the mystery divine.
Lest man, who deems my glory shai
Should learn the secret of my flame.

Oh night! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse;

ARE TO BE KEPT.

: stars! whose faint and feeble fires
xpress my languishing desires,
Those slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul,
That darts her fires beyond the Pole;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives of a sacred Love.

Thou Moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;

Ye thought-composing, silent hou
Diffusing peace o'er all my pow'r
Friends of the pensive! who con
In darkest shades, the flames I fe
To you I trust, and safely may,
The Love that wastes my strengt

In sylvan scenes, and caverns rud
I taste the sweets of solitude;
Retir'd indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a Spouse unkn
Who hides me here, from envious
From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbow'ring shades, and dens prof



Disclose a solitary Bride
To him I love—to none beside.

Ye rills! that murm'ring all the way,
Among the polish'd pebbles stray;
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wand'rer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my lov'd retreat.

Enamel'd meads, and hillocks green,
And streams, that water all the scene!
Ye torrents, loud in distant ears!
Ye fountains, that receive my tears!
Ah! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge, I trust with none but you.

If when my pain and grief increase,
I seem t' enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport, and pleasure, make
Of torment, suffer'd for his sake.

The source from which my sorr
The dear sole Cause of all I fee
He knows, and understands the

Ye deserts! where the wild bea
Scenes sacred to my hours of k
Ye forests! in whose shades I
Benighted under burning day;
Ah! whisper not how blest am
Nor while I live, nor when I d

Ye lambs! who sport beneath
And bound along the mossy gl
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am

ı hush, be still my ev'ry part,
y tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
hat Love, aspiring to its cause,
ſay suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations, that abide
In seas, as fathomless as wide;
And unsuspicious of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there:
Poor sportive fools! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan!

Away! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet line;
Trust me, the vast Leviathan
Is merciful, compar'd with man;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures;
I pant for liberty like yours;
I long for that immense Profound,
That knows no bottom, and no bound;

And vanish in the distant sky;
To whom yon airy waste belong
Resounding with your cheerful s
Haste to escape from human sig
Fear less, the vulture, and the ki

How blest, and how secure am I,
When quitting earth, I soar on hi
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere!
Whence falling, within human vie
I am ensnar'd, and caught like yo

Omniscient God, whose notice de
To try the heart and search the re
Compassionate the num'rous

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart, dispos'd to own
No sov'reign, but thyself alone;
Cherish a Bride, who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner Love!

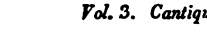


The

VICISSITUDES
EXPERIENCED IN A CHRISTIAN LIFE.



Vol. 3. Cantique 69.



I suffer fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

My peace of heart is fled, I know
My happy hours, like shadows, pa
Their sweet remembrance doubles
Night darker seems, succeeding st

Dear faded joys, and impotent reg
What profit is there in incessant t
Oh Thou, whom, once beheld, we
Reveal thy Love, and banish all m

Alas! he flies me—treats me as hi
Views not my sorrows, hears not wh
Woe such as mine, despis'd, negle
Unless it shortens life is vain indee

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already There,
My life extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promis'd—this the love,
Th' unchanging love, so sworn in better days!
Ah! dang'rous glories! shewn me, but to prove
How lovely thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them? had I still remain'd
Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art,
My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Depriv'd of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then I cry, the pangs that I sustain?
Dubious and uninform'd, my soul inquires,
Ought she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suff'ring I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enliv'ning flame;
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die;
And if thine hand accomp'i,h not my cu
I would not purchase, with a single sigh
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a releas
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd
Am just as void of purpose, as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nc

My claim to life, though sought with ear
No light, within me, or without me, sho
Once I had faith; but now, in self-despa
Find my chief cordial, and my best repos



Language affords not my distress a name,
Yet is it real, and no sickly dream;
'Tis Love inflicts it; though to feel that flame,
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a Chaos wide and vast
And dark as Hell, is open'd in the soul;
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears controul.

Then tell me, why these ages of delay?
Oh Love, all-excellent, once more appear;
Disperse ths shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear!

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure;
Exhausts my pow'rs, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
He flies, he re-appears, and wounds again—
Was ever heart that lov'd thee, treated so?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

Now leave me? when, enamour'd of thy laws,
I make thy glory my supreme delight;
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caus'd the change which I deplc
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
So giv'n to thee, that it is not my own;
A willing captive of thy grace divine;
And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare:

'Tis all thine own; my spirit is so too,
An undivided off'ring at thy shrine;
It seeks thy glory with no double view,
Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy Love! and art thou not severe,
To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fixt?
Mine is an everlasting ardor, clear
From all self-bias, gen'rous and unmixt.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceiv'd;
Not ev'n my faith is from suspicion free,
And, that I love, seems not to be believ'd.

Live thou, and reign, forever, glorious Lord!
My last, least off'ring, I present thee now—
Renounce me, leave me, and be still ador'd!
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

Vol. 3. *Cantique* 71.

SLEEP at last has fled these eyes
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God as soon as sought is found;
And the flame of love burns clear.

Intermission

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
On the first Eternal Fair;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to Love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur—
Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
My enjoyments always new;
Leave me to possess my Friend;
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
To the taste of pure delights;
Oh the pleasures I partake—
God, the partner of my nights!

David, for the self-same cause,
Night prefer'd to busy day;
Hearts, whom heavenly beauty draws,
Wish the glaring sun away.

Fairer scenes, by night —
Than the sun could ever she

ON THE S

Vol. 3. *Cantiq*

SEASON of my purest
Sealer of observing e
freer



Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
No rude noise mine ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet:
Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardor out in numbers,
Plaintive song, or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
Shines, and burns, without restraint;
Which the day's fatigue, and folly,
Cause to languish, dim and faint:
Charming hours of relaxation!
How I dread th' ascending sun!
Surely, idle conversation
Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate, and babble, hurt me;
Unintelligible prove;
Neither teach me, nor divert me;
I have ears for none but Love,

Nor the knowledge of the

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
By conversing with the Gr
Have a mind and taste, ill sui
To their dignity and state;
All their talking, reading, wr
Are but talents misapply'd;
Infants prattle I delight in,
Nothing human chuse besid

'Tis the secret fear of sinning,
Checks my tongue, or I sho
When I see the night beginnin
I am glad of parting day:

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
Night affords me, I resign;
And *thy* will shall be the measure,
Wisdom infinite! of mine:
Wishing, is but Inclination
Quarrelling with thy decrees;
Wayward nature finds th' occasion,
'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I chuse;
Nor the day, with its employments,
Irksome as they seem, refuse;
Lessons of a God's inspiring,
Neither time nor place impedes;
From our wishing and desiring,
Our Unhappiness proceeds.

NIGHT ! how I love thy s
My spirits they compos
The bliss of heav'n my so
In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her pop
In ev'ry slumb'ring eye,
I watch, to meditate and m
In blest tranquility.

My native meanness I lament,
Though most divinely fill'd
With all th' ineffable content,
That Deity can yield.

His purpose, and his course, he keeps;
Treads all my reas'nings down;
Commands me out of Nature's deeps,
And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay;
'Tis then, a deluge of his grace
Bears all our sins away.

Thou, whom I serve, and whose I am,
Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
And makes my fetters fly.

How wretched is the creature's state,
Who thwarts thy gracious pow'r;
Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
Increasing ev'ry hour!

My Saviour! occupy me s
In this secure recess;
Let Reason slumber if she
My joy shall not be less;

Let Reason slumber out the
But if *Thou* deign to mak
My soul th' abode of truth a
Ah, keep my heart awak

THE

JOY OF THE CROSS.

Vol. 3. *Cantique* 97.

Long plung'd in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love;
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

Though still a sufferer from
And doom'd to suffer still

By thy command, where'er I
Sorrow attends me all my wa
A never-failing friend;
And if my suff'rings may au
Thy praise, behold me well c
Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she
Who follow'd Christ, should f
And though, where'er she g
Thorns spring spontaneous at h
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.



Unknown delights are in the Cross,
All joy beside, to me is dross;
  And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross! Oh ravishment and bliss—
How grateful ev'n its anguish is;
  Its bitterness, how sweet!
There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refin'd,
  Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabl'd to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
  Their dignity secure;
The fever of desire is pass'd,
And Love has all its genuine taste,
  Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
  'Tis all the bliss she knows:
But nobler aims *true* Love employ;
In self-denial is her joy,
  In suff'ring her repose.



[illegible] are on
Her, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our Fall,
Thou faithful Lover, above all
The Cross has ever born!
Oh tell me,—Life is in thy voice
How much afflictions were thy ch
And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice, and mine, shall be th
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the Cross, and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion, and my praise.

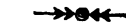
)Y IN MARTYRDOM.

Vol. 3. *Cantique* 94.

tenants of this grove!
sing without design,
of artless love,
ison with mine:
choing shades return
nany a note of ours,
se ones cannot learn,
all their boasted pow'rs.

! whose sacred charms
hearts so seldom love,
h thy beauty warms
olesses all above;
w are human things,
use their happiest lot!
ious King of Kings,
why we love thee not?

'Tis happy, though it breaks
Beneath thy chastening hand;
And speechless, yet it speaks
What thou canst understand.



SIMPLE TRUST



Vol. 3. *Cantique* 95.



STILL, still, without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,

SIMPLE TRUST.

Had I words to explain,
What *she* must sustain,
Who dies to the world and its ways;
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days;

Thou, sweetly severe!
I would make thee appear,
In all thou art pleas'd to award,
Not more in the sweet,
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark
Pursuing its mark,
Through many sharp trials of Love;
Is the sorrowful waste,
That is to be pass'd,
In the way to the Canaan above.

SOURCE of Love, my brighter
Thou alone my comfort art;
See my race is almost run;
Hast thou left this trembling he

In my youth, thy charming eye
Drew me from the ways of men
Then I drank unmingled joys;
Frown of thine, saw never *then.*

Spouse of Christ was thou

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night,
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt;
And to see the dawning light,
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert;
And thine eye, so close apply'd,
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed—
'Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbl'd, and laid low,
Stript of all thou hast conferr'd,
Nothing left, but sin and woe,
I perceiv'd how I had err'd.

Though the Lord is good alone!

He, the graces Thou hast wrought,
Makes subservient to his pride;
Ignorant, that one such thought
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—prov'd, at last,
By the loss of that repose
Self complacence cannot taste,
Only Love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
Man is to himself made known.



LOVE
INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

Vol. 3. Cantique 98.

" I love the Lord," is still the strain
  This heart delights to sing;
But I reply—your thoughts are vain,
  Perhaps,'tis no such thing.

Before the power of Love divine,
  Creation fades away;
Till only God is seen to shine
  In all that we survey.

In gulphs of awful night we find
  The God of our desires;
'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
  And doubles all its fires.

Ah Love! my heart is in the rig
Amidst a thousand woes,
To thee, its ever new delight,
And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur,
Where'er I look, or move;
The comforts, I to all prefer,
Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I, nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,
His grace in ev'ry state.

There, sorrow, for his sake, is found
A joy beyond compare;
There, no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong;
Nor feel a passion move,
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue;
Such patience is in Love,

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ers
Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
Scenes nature with dread and aston
But I with a pleasure untold.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy,
I am charm'd with the peace ye
Your shades are a temple where no
The abode of my Lover and Lor



:s that yield me my sweetest repose,
: stillness and solitude reign,
securely and boldly disclose
:ar anguish of which I complain.

:etly forgetting and wholly forgot
world and its turbulent throng,
s and the streams lend me many a note
ids meditation and song.

id'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,
rears me and wastes me away,
1 the sun has spent much of his light.
t I perceive it is day.

nantle of darkness invelopes the sphere,
rows are sadly rehears'd,
: dark hours are all equally dear,
e last is as sweet as the first.

d the beasts of the deserts agree,
id are the wolves that I fear,
lge my me natural right to be free,
ody questions it here.

Ye desolate scenes to your solitude l
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the t
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skil
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constant
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourish'd without knowing how I
I have nothing and yet I abound.

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind
  Perversely by folly beguil'd,
For where in the crowds I have left shall I find
  The spirit and heart of a Child.

Here let me though fixt in a desert, be free,
  A Little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
  Shall be holy and happy and wise.



ORIGINAL POEMS,

By the Translator of the foregoing Pieces.





AN

EPISTLE

TO A PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

dam,

A Stranger's purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature her Creator's due,
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From Man to Man, or ev'n to Woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A Coin by Craft for folly's use design'd,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the Land where sorrow is unknown;
No Trav'ller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

Admonish'd, scorn the caution and
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its e
But he who knew what human heart
How slow to learn the dictates of his
That hard by nature and of stubborn
A life of ease would make them hard
In pity to the sinners he design'd
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their
And said—" go spend them in the va
Oh balmy gales of soul-reviving air,
Oh salutary streams that murmur ther
These flowing from the fount of Grace
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys
And sudden sorrow

But ills of every shape and ev'ry name
Transform'd to Blessings miss their cruel aim,
And ev'ry moment's Calm that sooths the breast,
Is giv'n in earnest of Eternal Rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a distant waste!
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear
But the Chief Shepherd is forever near,
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land but not in vain,
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
'Twas thus in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around,



WHAT Virtue or what mental grac
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of Liberality of heart,
And dulness of Discretion.

If ev'ry polish'd Gem we find
Illumipating heart or mind,
Provoke to Imitation:



FRIENDSHIP.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a Friend,
  A real and a sound one,
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
  And dream that he had found one.

Candid and generous and just
Boys care but little whom they trust,
  An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man when smoothest he appears
  Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest having misapply'd our eyes
  And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal Good,
  A mere Utopian pleasure.



Nor is it wise
If either on forbidden gr
Or where it was not to l
We sought without a

No Friendship will ab
That stands on sordid
Or mean self-love
Nor such as may awl
Between the Sot and
For vicious ends c

Who seeks a Frien
T' exhibit in full b



Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price
And must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire t
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect s
All thoughts of Friendship are b
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indee
But not a Friend worth keepin

As Envy pines at Good possess'd,
So Jealousy looks forth distress'd
On Good that seems approachin



Hence Authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
  Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
  And pluck each others laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
  With Friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
  By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tatlers, will be sure to hear
  The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babblers trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
  And rush into dissention.



Like hand in hand insuranc
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagrati

Some fickle creatures boast a
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so vario
They manifest their whole lif
The needle's deviations too,
Their Love is so precariou

The great and small but rarel

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a Bog that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and Patriot cannot mix
Their hetrogeneous politics,
Without an effervescence
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge,
No combatants are stiffer!

Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the Chymists golden dr
With still less hope of thriving

Sometimes the fault is all our ow
Some blemish in due time made
By trespass or omission ;
Sometimes occasion brings to ligh
Our friend's defect long hid from
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove y

That Secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
  That Constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case
That savour much of common place,
  And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone
  To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
  The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you, Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
  How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
  To pardon or to bear it,



...ness our att
So manners decent
The same we practis
Must save it from

Some act upon this p
" Say little and hear
Safe policy but hate
So barren sands imbib
But render neither frui
Unpleasant and ungr

The ma...

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples and a taste
Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed
However well-intention'd,

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shewn
The Saviour's history makes known,
Though some have turn'd and turn'd it,
And whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,
Have not, it seems discern'd it.

Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!



STANZAS

Subjoined to a Bill of Mortality for the Parish of

ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON.

Anno Domini 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HORACE

Pale Death, with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal Halls and hovels of the Poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, Life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the Grave.

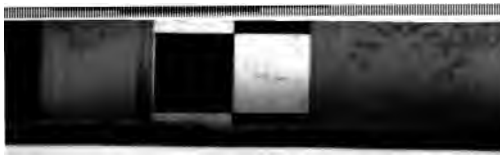
Was Man, (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did Famine or did Plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the Bay-tree, ever green
With its new foliage on,
The Gay, the Thoughtless, I have seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run! the solemn truth
With which I charge my page;
A Worm is in the Bud of Youth,
And at the Root of Age.

No present Health can Health insure



And Oh! that humble as my Lot
And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your Clerk with all his heart,
And ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part
And answer all—Amen!

1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus; cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HORACE.

Improve the present Hour, for all beside
Is a mere Feather on a Torrent's Tide.

LORD! from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
Whom the rising Year shall prove his last;
I can number in my punctual Page,
And item down the Victims of the past;

Time, then, would seem more precious than the jo
In which he sports away the Treasure now;
And Pray'r, more seasonable than the Noise
Of Drunkards, or the Music-drawing Bow.

Then, doubtless, many a Trifler on the Brink
Of this World's hazardous and headlong Shore,
Forc'd to a Pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting Sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I, prophetic, say,
Who next is fated, and who next, to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappl'd Foresters, how light



d we their wisdom, should we often warn'd,
ll need repeated warnings, and at last,
thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
e self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

l *waste!* for which no after-thrift atones:
e grave admits no cure for guilt or sin.
w-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
t tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

arn then ye living! by the mouths be taught
all these sepulchres, instructors true,
at, soon or late, Death also is *your* lot,
id the next opening grave may yawn for *you*.

—Placidiq; ibi demùm morte quievit.

VIRG

There calm, at length, he breath'd his soul away.

" Oh most delightful hour by man
" Experienc'd here below,
" The hour that terminates his span,
" His folly, and his woe!

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread,
" Again life's dreary waste,
" To see again my Day o'erspread
" With all the gloomy Past.

So spoke Aspasio, firm possess'd
Of Faith's supporting rod,
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man, among the few,
Sincere on Virtue's side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by what he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd and lov'd;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within;
But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
And loath'd the thoughts of Sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio; and, at last,
Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
The gulph of Death triumphant pass'd,
By gales of blessing driven.

1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.

BUCH

Despise not my good counsel.

He who sits from day to day,
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.



So your Verse-man I, and Clerk,
Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft express'd,
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed ev'ry day.

Oh then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of instruction, come,
Make us learn that we must die;

1792.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Quiq; metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari!

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favors from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Tho' tis his privilege to die
Would he improve the boon.

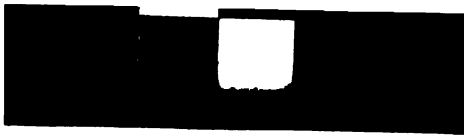
But he not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
  Enamour'd of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
  And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r?
  Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
  And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
  Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft
  And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spar'd



'Tis judgement shakes him; there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace insures;
Think on the Grave where *he* was laid,
And calm descend to *yours*.

1793. *

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur,
CICERO DE LEGIBUS.

But let us all concur in this sentiment, that things *sacred* be *inviolate*.

He lives who lives to God, alone;
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God, is none
Whence life can be supplied.



His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow
Of giddy joys compriz'
Is falsely nam'd, and no s
But rather death disgui

Can life in *them* deserve th
Who only live, to prove
For what poor toys, they c
An endless life above?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nc
Much menac'd, nothing
Have wounds, which only G

Who trample Order; and the day
  Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
  And worship *Chance* alone!

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
  On word and deed, imply
The better part of man, unbless'd
  With Life that cannot die;

Such want it;—and that want uncur'd
  Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a *Criminal*, assur'd
  Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
  Yet *so* will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
  And *Mercy* cast away.

)N,

Pagnell.

year of his age.

, Rhyme
time.
nding vein ;
; long to reign
-an eye
ght to sigh ?
and at ease,

i's, aloud
ly shroud."











